

PRICE 15 CENTS.

THE
NEW YORK HOORARER
OR
A VISIT TO THE INFERNAL
REGIONS AND RETURN



"Gentlemen of Hell."

BY CHARLES EDWARDS

The Only Authorized Edition

— NEW YORK

THE HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING CO.

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Winston Broadfoot

The New York Hooroarer,

A STORY

OF NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

CONTAINING A

VISIT TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS

AND RETURN.

SECOND EDITION.

BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

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NEW YORK :
THE HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING Co.

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INTRODUCTION.

As an introduction, I wish to offer a few words of explanation :

1st. Did I believe in the existence of a material hell, I never would have written the following satire. Neither do I believe that any aquatic animal, swimming in a geographic sea, ever swallowed Jonah. The grotesque picture painted by divines, of the big fish's contortions as he swallows Jonah, is so horrible, that we involuntarily recoil, and almost disbelieve our senses. That ecclesiastical teaching which pleases and terrifies the ignorant is certainly in keeping with the dilatory past, but should have no place in the aggressive future. That which distorts and deforms, rendering wild and extravagant a beautiful symbol, demands more than a simple protest.

But, pardon me, sacred institutions must not be talked at so jestingly, *for they may be all right*, and if so, the following extravagancy becomes a reality.

2nd. The speech from "Gormandize" was inspired by hearing a man say that he had been ruined once by eating too much dinner.

3rd. It is a well known fact, that not even knives, pistols, bloodhounds, bull-dogs, tigers, fire, brimstone or devils, will deter a New York reporter from getting news.

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

When the first edition of this much-maligned little book was issued, I believed that some people would be greatly shocked, especially those who prided themselves upon their orthodoxy; nor was I mistaken in this conclusion; but when the New York and Brooklyn press, devoting its columns several days in succession, lifted up its polemic hands in horror, I stood aghast at the havoc this *rascally* little production had wrought; for, let it be clearly understood, that although one leading paper called it "a wonderful production," another declared that "it was a work that might make the author famous," and still others were so generous as to devote a column or more in the reproduction of its most salient parts, giving it an exceptionally prominent if not a flattering reception, yet generally conceding, in their diverse criticisms, that I had departed from my legitimate sphere—that sphere, (theological controversy), as they kindly informed me, having breadth and depth enough for the most comprehensive mind, and intimating that I, like David, from sheer naughtiness and pride of heart, had come upon a battle-field and trod upon forbidden ground.

After getting well over my perturbation, and upon reflection, wondering very much at my own temerity, I asked myself several questions. "Is it possible," I mused, "that I have trodden upon ground that belongs exclusively to the domain held by the newspaper world? Perhaps they know more of the 'infernal regions' than I can ever dream or think of. Then, of course, I am an upstart—an interloper. Who should know most concerning the directorate, the Government, the populace—in fact all the nooks of the infernal!—newspaperman or parson?" I concede the palm; but my bridges are burned. I fear I have broken through the hedge that encloses theology and entered a wider field.

As one object of my book was to satirize sensational journalism, its exceptional reception by the press was its own emphatic exculpation and a most flattering testimony of its effectiveness. Now for points in the book itself:

In my introduction I speak of the book of Jonah as a symbol. My reasons for doing so are simple and plain. The Bible tells us that the woman Hagar is symbolical of Mount Sinai. So if this story of Hagar is a symbol, is it presumption to suppose that the story of Jonah is of the like nature? Is this true?

“The heathen worship gods of wood and lead,
And Christians worship god with wooden head.”

It has been said that I have treated in a light and frivolous manner that which should have elicited seriousness. I reply—not forgetting the inalienable rights of others as well as my own—that if I believe that there is not in existence a place answering to a literal, material carbon-consuming hell, should not that lingering remnant of Paganism, or rather its belief, be treated with frivolity and laughed out of existence? As one paper pointed out, in a leading article, that “Dante treated the subject seriously—Mr. Edwards has made a joke of it.” Certainly, Dante’s conceptions were in accord with the spirit of the age in which he lived, but in this age of progress, thinkers of all classes recognize the doctrine as moribund, and will welcome the laugh that accompanies its kick out of existence.

Quite lately a Methodist minister, and Pastor of a New York church, said to me: “I believe as you do, and thousands more believe like you; but you are outspoken and we are not. Why,” he added, “I would not deny to some of my people the solid comfort they get out of their belief in a literal hell, for anything, my friend.”

“What comfort?” I asked.

“The comfort,” he added, “they experience in believing that there is in existence a veritable and literal *place of torment* for any who are offensive to them,” and then he told me the following:

A man (not a church member) who made it his boast that he never believed in God, devil, hell or

heaven, was once so enraged at what he considered was vile and villainous in another, that he cried out, with an oath: "Now I believe in a hell, and I want that fellow to go there." Cannot we also trace in the origin and continuance of such beliefs the effects of the same causes? That old Scandinavian mythology, and its sacred duty of blood revenge, has simply become metamorphosed, and as God and his attributes have been and are only what man is capable of conceiving Him to be, we can easily understand how the vileness of men's natures has given to the transcendantly wise head of the universe such brutal attributes and associated this unknown spirit power with the base and cruel. I, for one, claim my sacred right to insurrection against all such evidences of savagery, with the privilege of choosing my own weapons.

Some have claimed that because I have introduced a minister and a deacon under such compromising conditions, I bring into contempt the Church of God, and that I am guilty of blasphemy. Wait a moment. I wish again to emphasize my loyalty to those principles embodied in the character of the Nazarene of Galilee. Indeed I do not look at any sect as the true exponent of that ideal life of which a glimpse may be caught by a casual glance at his ineffable character. But sects are, in my judgment—humble though it may be—simply and purely immense segregations intensely interested in their own aggrandizement. The suffering masses, unless they can be used for our own particular sectarian advancement, receive very little attention and sympathy. Our Christianity may be the best method known in the worship of God; but while sectarianism stands in the highest place, while churchly systems carry with them such evidences of their earthly origin, the satirist must be pardoned if to him they are not regarded as sacred.

Now I ask, if there is such a hell—I mean the kind that this book satirizes, and which Christians have for so long a period veritably accepted—should it not be for evil doers, whether ministers or harlots? Am I guilty of so great a crime when I introduce such characters into such a resort? For though I have met fallen women with tender hearts—with a

generous and almost noble nature—yet I also have met deacons with hearts of flint and ministers who were the personification of selfishness, and religious people, too, who would crush members of their own family from sheer spite; and I have no doubt that though that woman may eventually rest in an unknown grave, yet the others will surely get monuments and inscriptions like the following: “Blessed are the dead who died in the Lord.”

But I digress. Let us return to hell—I don’t mean the place, but the subject. Does it exist, or does it not? If it does, then some of these characters should be there. If it does not, then let the imagination amuse itself at that which might have been had the belief become a veritable fact. As we would laugh at an extremely funny and ridiculous ghost story which grandma believed with all her heart, even so let us smile at the ill-conceived notions embodied even now in the religious conception of hell. The periodical abolition of decayed beliefs, since the days of Zoroaster, have not only left religion uninjured, but purified. Creeds must die; goodness lives. If buried creeds carried their goodness into the grave, that goodness would form the protoplasm from which would be evolved higher forms of a nobler spirituality, and justice and love and the truest etiquette will live triumphantly when superstition and its cumbrous co-ordinates have been forgotten.

It has been urged that it is not customary for ministers to write such ill-assorted characterizations. Well, when custom decreed that a minister should preside at the burning of a heretic he did it, and then proceeded to church and thanked God that the work had been so well executed. But then that was custom; but now it is not customary for a minister to make people laugh at their own folly—not this way, so say many.

If custom decreed that people should go nude

We’ll bow to its sway;

If all had to pray

That God would change our judgment of *the rude*.

I know the language is not that which might be expected from a homiletic point of view. I had, in the nature of things, to descend myself. Yet how I

could honestly reproduce this vision without using this very language that has been so widely condemned, and still continued to respect myself, I know not.

Some ministers have objected to the extraordinary use of my imaginative faculty. Where are we all? Go to any of our churches; go to that most celebrated of Brooklyn's divines, and if wild fancy is a sin, surely "all we like sheep have gone astray."

I do not object to revivals. God knows they are too often needed; but this pen shall trail the ink that shall form the words wherewith to construct sentences strong in utterance and condemnatory in tone against those men who shout "glory" the loudest and possess in an inappreciably small degree those qualities of love and kindness which characterized Him whom they profess to follow; against that system that makes a distinction in favor of those who carry *fat* and not *flat* pocketbooks.

Again, it has been charged that I do not apprehend a future judgment. Whatsoever one sow that shall he also reap, and somewhere in nature a compensatory principle is at work restoring an unequal equilibrium. No wrong will go unpunished, and every sweet act of kindness done is in some mysterious manner registered in the doer's favor.

This faith has been my anchor; for, judging that the blow I have struck (if in proportion to how hard I have been hit back) must have been heavy; yet to no living individual have I the remotest ill-feeling; yet as individuals love their idols, so will individuals return the blows intended only for their huge concrete images.

The many letters I have received from intelligent writers from all parts of the country, in appreciation of the work, was in some measure an offset to the terrible ordeal through which I have recently passed; and yet, had I stood alone in the world, without one ray of encouragement, I would still claim the privilege of laughing at anything laughable, not for the purpose of mere sport, but that higher conceptions and nobler and loftier thoughts may take the place of that which should be buried at once.

I take this opportunity to thank those who were

kind enough to write me—and to every one a copy of this edition will be sent; and of the very many letters I received, only one gave me pain, and that was from a man in New York, who urged me to at once take the lecture field, offering to provide stereopticon views upon the subject. To him I replied as follows :

FREEPORT, L. I.

Mr. _____

DEAR SIR : Yours of Sept. 9th to hand. In reply, would say that I am extremely obliged to you in your consideration of me as a celebrity of sufficient magnitude to enter the lecture field. I commend you for your shrewdness, and have little doubt that, with the knowledge and experience which you possess, money could be made as a result of the undertaking. Yet, as money-making is not my sole object in life, I must respectfully decline your tempting offer.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly,

C. EDWARDS.

THE NEW YORK HOOROARER.

CHAPTER I.

TWO DESPERATE EDITORS.

“Courage, heart, to outface this unequivocal debt, that, like a close-meshed net, holds me in its embrace. My paper must live—must survive—must circulate—though tired limbs and sad heart, with worried brain, lock their step with doubt, debt and poverty. Oh, incubus—nightmare—misery; God’s peace is vanished, and more destructive than an army is debt’s invasion. My paper must live; my brain shall be more than ever fertile. Alas! and can it be, a mind as high as mine should wallow in such depths of poverty?”

The speaker was the Editor of a New York paper that was struggling against adversity. He was a man of splendid parts and of undaunted courage, (as all New York newspaper men are), but with a terrible force of circumstances arrayed against him.

The Editor opened a closet door, and locking his hands together over the top, swung backwards and forwards several times, causing the door to squeak horribly upon its hinges.

“There,” he ejaculated, “that will do; ’tis the only exercise I get; now to business.”

The speaker took down a wine-glass and a bottle, and after asking himself the question how it happened that people in trouble so often became thirsty, proceeded to drink three glasses of wine, and then successfully persuading himself that he had only taken two, helped himself to another, and said, as he held up and looked at the bottle :

“Solace of my trouble, and transposer of my troubled mind, which rises from the fathomless pit of depression to the grandest elevation. Let me ruminate just a moment; we all begin very low and end extremely high, like the *Times*, the *Tribune* and the *World*. My ending shall be a thousand feet in the skies—a magnificently gigantic structure. Oh wine, I adore thee; I place thee near my heart. Dear solace, just one more glass as the bottle is in hand, and, to save me the extra exertion of again coming here, just one more, thou ‘shroud of wörriment;’” and the Editor of the *Hooroarer* drank again.

Just then a man as clumsy as an elephant entered, and as he walked up to his chief, (for he was the sub editor), he said, with bland suavity :

“Sir, I have a superabundance of nothings for the morning’s issue.”

“In with it,” answered the Editor; “we’ll give to a gullible public a dish of cooked nothings, basted with editorial glory. In with it, sir.”

“Sir,” answered the Sub-Editor, drawing a deep sigh, and looking longingly at the bottle, “the public has a large and very exacting appetite.”

“So have I,” returned the Editor, as he hurriedly returned the bottle to the closet, and slammed to the door.

The Sub-Editor started back, and snatching his pen from behind his ear, held it convulsively in his hand, like a dagger would be held when a deed of blood was contemplated.

“Sir!” he cried passionately.

The Editor, with no apparent feeling, walked up to his desk, and, sitting in his editorial seat, suddenly banged his hand very vigorously upon his desk, and, pointing to a dilapidated chair, motioned his assistant to sit down.

“Now,” said he, as the other relapsed into his chair with a sigh, “has news indeed placed itself upon the absentee list?”

“It has, sir,” replied the other, as he glanced furtively at the closed closet.

“And must our columns, then, be weighted with inanity?” replied the Editor. “Oh, News, News, News! if thou couldst be gotten by the planting, how much waste land might be utilized by this needed industry!” And the Editor wept.

The Sub-Editor, who had the evening before seen Hamlet played, and had finished the night with a late supper, etc., here bent for-

ward, and in an awfully sepulchral voice said,
 "It can, sir."

The Editor was so startled with the demeanor of his assistant, that, bracing himself suddenly, and becoming an involuntary con-



tortionist, he broke the back of his office chair and fell over and on his head, then recovered himself on his knees, where he knelt, looking woefully at his assistant.

"It can," calmly reiterated the assistant.

"Don't do it again, sir," severely returned the Editor, as he took possession of the broken chair.

"Assuredly not, sir," penitently replied the assistant, and then added :

"Let us grow newsberries, sir."

"Newsberries?" asked the editor, rubbing his bruised arm; and then putting his lips to the assistant's ear, he whispered:

"Can I grow a president shot,
With my reporter on the spot?
Can news be raised, in market sold,
And not decay, ere one hour old—"

"Can I?" he shouted; and the Editor banged his fists so savagely upon his desk, which was an old one, that he smashed the centre in, and then, leaning back to survey the disaster and forgetting that the support for his back was gone, he tumbled over again, making a frightful misuse of his face and head upon the floor, and then sprang up in a rage.

"It can, sir," answered the Sub-Editor, in a rasping tone of voice.

Imperturbable was this man, but deep within him he was near the explosive point with laughter.

"Villain!" returned the Editor, in a towering passion; then suddenly pausing, he added supernaturally, (one of the evidences of progress in the nineteenth century is self-control,) "see me subdue myself—oh!" he shouted, "where did we leave off—where?"

"Newsberry cultivation," returned the assistant, showing signs of impatience.

"Ah, yes," cried the Editor.

“Oh, that a rough slip of absurdity
 Could be inarched with sublimity,
 To rear a good news tree, whose fructescence
 Might furnish news as stills furnish essence ;
 Sparkling, startling and newsy day by day,
 Where type could be set from its fruitery.

“But enough ; we’ll to business, for the community must be fed—and it waits for us—and news.”

“Where and when shall we plant, sir?”

“I must think,” returned the Editor, as he walked with theatrical and measured step up and down the room. “In the meanwhile, descendant depravities, and scratch the public’s itching parts, watch and fan scandal’s flame, for the people pray and pay for it ; embellished facts are the most palatable. Ah !

“Could I but attune
 Secrets culled from the encircling moon,
 Range the glittering stilliferous nations,
 Skip to haydes and sister constellations,
 Mount lustrous Jupiter, spring on to Mars,
 And search the archives of the silent stars.

“Oh, for ground to plant this good seed in !
 To plough and harrow and fertilize it would
 be my delight. Would not this send us sky-
 ward? would not this ensure success?”

The Sub-Editor’s great, clumsy body arose from his chair, and as he confronted his chief he fixed that terrible Hamlet-like look upon him.

The Editor paused, and lifting his hand in a warning manner, cried out, “Say not, ‘I am thy father’s ghost,’” and he again looked at the

closed door behind which the wine bottle rested, and added: "for I am fortified against all such malignity."

The other dauntlessly replied, as though his purpose was not to be deflected by such a trifle:

"Why not send—"

"Spit it out, sir. Procrastination has been our ruin," cried the chief.

"Send your reporters to Hell for news, sir?" interjected the other.

The Editor fell against the closet door, and fumbled at the handle, and then gasped almost inaudibly:

"Can any one go there on a visit? Oh, visionary of the wildest kind. Can they? I say, answer me—can they?"

"Try them, sir," returned the Sub-Editor, looking hard up at the ceiling, as if something might crack.

"Just think of how that would look," mused the Editor; "a bold, grand headline—'An interview with his Satanic Majesty, King Beelzebub, Emperor of the Infernal Regions and Prince of the Bottomless Pit.' Wait, man, wait; 'tis too much to grasp without aid;" and he opened the closet door and both the noble artists drank and wished that their throats were as long as the conduits of the Brooklyn City Water Works, and that they might feel the attendant excitement caused by the liquor the whole length of transit.

CHAPTER II.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

"Now," inquired the Editor of his assistant, as with flushed faces they again sat at the desk, "how shall we manage this extraordinary business?"

"Call for volunteers, sir," returned the other; "I would force no man on such a dangerous expedition as this. Dear, dear sir, this is serious."

"Call them, then." The Editor dropped his head into his hands and groaned audibly as he caught a glimpse of his maturing debts. "Call them!" he muttered; "I am in torments now. Call them, I say! What matters it if they go there also?"

The Sub-Editor at once went to the telephone, walking across the room with a regular stage-stride, and called out, "Ho, there, Central? Hel ho there, Central?" and waited.

The Editor had relapsed into deep meditation, but only for a few fleeting moments, and then, in his impatience, tried to dislocate every joint in his fingers. Then he cried, "My paper must live—must survive."

"Is that you, Barleycorn?" called the Sub-Editor into the telephone, and then waiting long enough for an answer, he continued: "Send to the twenty districts and invite volunteers to go and report from the infernal region——yes ——great hazard——yes

—don't deceive them; it's dangerous business—all right—good day." "They'll soon be here, sir," added the Sub-Editor as he hung up the ear trumpet and returned to the desk.

The Editor looked at him blankly, and said in a very doubtful manner: "Sir, if it were to skim the raging sea with a four-foot boat, or surmount Himalayan obstacles, or attempt impermeable latitudes, or with hydrogen and silken globe assail the altitudes, or to make the immutable portable, or to make the rarities of the unknown sortable—between us we may use a metaphor—these men might face this music. These men, who for news would dare the wild Niagara, yet, to visit Sheol will prove, I fear, a stagerer. I fear they will never elect to become a companion to the Evil One."

"But, sir, they do it every day. The devil has to be forever at their elbow, or never a sheet of news would we get. Fact, sir."

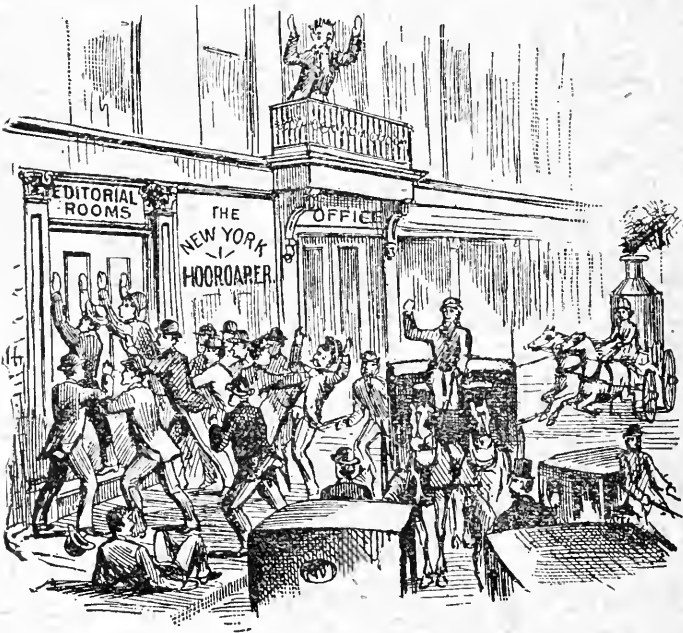
"But not in forked and furious flames twenty miles high," shouted the Editor, and then added, very softly, indeed, "see how calm and gentle I am under the blazing fire of this heated discussion."

Just then a tremendous uproar was heard in the street. Cabs and vehicles of every description were rushing in from all directions, and such a din was suddenly created that Bedlam appeared to be in the very neighborhood.

"Ah!" cried the Editor, "what means the

turbulent mob?" and then clambered out upon the balcony, and looking down, saw a crowd struggling to get in at the door below, and a number of upturned faces and outstretched hands and voices belonging to them shouting up to him, "Me! me! me!"

"Me! me!" he cried. "Selfish men. That's the politician's shout when seeking office—the ground-work of all the fearful pictures of human misery."



Just then a fire engine came dashing up the street, all ablaze and vomiting glowing sparks and dense black smoke, the firemen hanging on by their arms and legs, and the driver cursing all the other drivers within a thousand

miles of him. This phenomenon drew up opposite the office of the *New York Hooroar*, and a man jumped off the engine, and he, too, ran across to the struggling crowd at the door, and seeing the Editor at the window, held up his hand and shouted, "Me! me! me!"

"Me! me! me!" mocked the Sub-Editor. "He, too, is permeated with the contagion—the self-advancement curse of State, Church and politics."

"What does it all mean, sir?" asked the Editor, trembling violently, and striking his forehead distractedly with his hands.

"They are our reporters, sir," returned the Sub-Editor, "rushing like an impetuous torrent to answer our call for volunteers"

"A faithful staff (to themselves); help me, sir, to get back from this window;" and the Editor, half fainting from the excessive fumes of alcohol, was hurriedly dragged to his desk.

In a few minutes there was an awful uproar heard upon the stairs, as though a thousand men were engaged in a tussle for possession of the building, and the next minute the door was burst open and men of all sizes rushed in, hatless, and with their coats torn to shreds, quickly filling the room, so eager did they seem to be engaged in this hazardous undertaking, and shouting, vociferously "Me! me! me!"

CHAPTER III.

A VENOMOUS RESOLVE.

The Editor now stood up and steadied himself between his broken chair and splintered desk, and said with the deepest concern :

“ Gentlemen, I perceive you are now quiet. I also beg to call to your attention the fact that it is one of the evidences of the boasted progress of this nineteenth century that you are, gentlemen, at this present and tremendously excitable moment so calm. I say it, gentlemen, with pride. So calm, so much under self-control, and such a rebuke to the assertion that we are retrograding—in fact, going back to where Darwin says we came from—even to the tail. I say, gentlemen, I am proud of you, for each man of you should be the happy possessor of a hatchet, &c., to put you on an equality with the father of your country, when you see him later, where all shall gather who have never told an out-and-out whopper, which brings me to what I am about to observe. We have issued a call. Do you know its import? Do you realize the danger? Do you know where duty calls? Do you want to go? ”

At this the crowd pressed closer and eagerly shouted, “ Yes, yes, to Hell ! Me ! me ! me ! ” and after the men in the room were silent, the crowd on the stairs took up and repeated the

cry, "To Hell! Give *us* a chance, sir. Me! me! me!"

"Only one is wanted to make distraut for news on the nether regions," cried the Editor.

"Me! me!" shouted fifty voices.

"What! midst green blue flames!" returned the Editor, astonished; "Oh, fearless, un-intimidated meddlers of intelligence!" and he was nearly overcome, insomuch that his assistant came to his support during the balance of the trying ordeal.

"Me! me! me!" again cried a medley of voices, that echoed now with unrestrained impatience.

"One's fidelity only is to be tested," returned the Editor, in a broken voice; "you, Scribble-Scrub, are the man; one who dares harness the city's fire horses and gallop here at our call, is the one who must dare the devil, and

Hell's news for earth shall dun,
His body change to a ferruginous one;

And the Editor called out the man whom he had seen get off the fire engine and run across the street; for this man had actually, after receiving the call, and finding no other way of getting quickly to the office, rung a fire alarm in the City Hall district, and then boarded the fire engine, which thundered and tore through the streets and took him to his destination very rapidly.

The others all began to mope, and one or

two asked to be allowed to put in their resignation as reporters for the *Hooroarer*, so disappointed did they all seem; but the Editor, seeing it needed decisive measures, cried out:

“What! my staff, my brave staff, my noble staff! away to your several occupations. The universe is before you.” He then pointed to the door, and very soon the melancholy crowd of disappointed reporters departed, leaving only Scribble-Scrub and the two Editors in the room.

“And now for my journey,” cried the intending self-immolated reporter, who now appeared truly eager for departure. “Give me a relay of pens and a firkin of ink. By the way, do you think I can get liquor there, sir?”

“If there are drug-stores there—yes, certainly,” replied the Editor.

“Drug stores,” thoughtfully returned Scribble Scrub, and then he, too, said, “Yes, certainly, for all the doctors as well as all the lawyers will be there; so ’tis settled, then, and I’ll go. I’ll interview that creature, Beelzebub, prince of imps and duke of goblins, and send to earth news.

If I have to spell

And filter messages through the chinks of Hell”

The Sub Editor ambled up to the man and patted him upon the back, bid him a speedy journey, and asked him how he was going.

The reporter took out his pad and pencil, and then, suddenly recollecting himself, said:

I'll belladonna by belly ; I'll aconite my inner membrane's million mouths ; I'll gorge my conduits with aquafortis, and finish all most surely with a dose of strychnine ; yes, sir, I'll go."

The Editor embraced him rapturously and then said solemnly, as if he regretted his emotional weakness :

"The cost of venom charge to me ; but send me news. I implore you, send me news—do."

The Sub Editor also was delighted with his resolutions, yet he pretended seriousness, and urged him without delay to impress some rattlesnakes and scorpions, and add a few copperhead snakes wherewith to drive the nail home.

The reporter promised to leave no stone unturned to accomplish the end in view, and with money enough to pay all necessary expenses, left the office with the peculiar look of one who has determined to do something desperate.

The two Editors now gazed at each other for an hour and a half, neither breaking the painful silence, when the Editor-in Chief, who during all this time remained very calm, now showed some degree of excitement, and said :

"This is pushing, driving, rushing, impetuous enterprise, sir, and when we shall fuss and noise this abroad, the other papers will be raving mad with envy. Ah, a thought comes to challenge my aching brain—do you think he'll go to Hades when he kills himself?"

The Sub-Editor looked troubled for a moment, and then his face broadened as he replied :

“Sir, the gates of Heaven are forever barred against reporters.”

The two men now shook hands very warmly, both thoroughly in sympathy with these sentiments, and shared the remaining contents of another wine bottle between them, and then the Editor sat down energetically upon his broken chair and cried :

“My dear sir, behold your chief!—a new man from this hour forth ; nail this new motto to your desk :

“To work, to work !
For we, with busy pen and brain, and rant,
Must startle the world with this achievement.
Publish, that we have taken this in hand
To curry tidings from an unknown land ;
Then we'll pluck Plutonian newsberries,
And sarcasmize cotemporaries.”

“Look,” continued the Editor, with his hair on end ; “yonder comes a man to whom I owe a bill. With such prospects before us, we must gain time. Sit down, man, and dash off :

“This paper has established communications with the infernal regions. There is little doubt but that our creditors will reap the full benefit of this connection.

“THE NEW YORK HOORARER.”

The Sub-Editor wrote it as directed, and pasting it upon the outside of the door, soon

perceived that all creditors who read the notice at once fled in dismay.

CHAPTER IV.

IN HADES.

“Well, well,” cried Scribble-Scrub, when he awoke and found himself in the infernal regions; “what a struggle that was! what a wrench grim old Death did give me! what a mystical hold a soul has upon organic clay; but me and the old house are parted, and what I have now needs no osseous ribs to distend it; now for news;” and Scribble began to think about his pencil and pad; but just at that moment was so horrified by the discordant noises that pervaded the place, that he stood confused and irresolute.

“Oh, these rumblings,” he muttered; “is this nightmare or forgery foisted upon me? What means this flickering light? Enough of this. Here beginneth the first chapter of chronicles—news for the morbid appetite of earthlings. I have impinged myself against fate for news, and news I must have. Away flaccidity and act or you’ll never bore a hole through the impenetrable walls of Hell. Ha—ha! Now I’ll laugh, although I’ll borrow the hilarious to do it with; ah, ha, ha, ha! *How funny it sounds here!*”

Scribble here laughed several times at intervals, but it was evident that he was ill at ease, for voices seemed to mock him, yet he saw nobody, so talked on to himself :

“I’ll carry my scroll through Hades ; depict stirring episodes ; spangle my story with an interview with Satan, and compile a book of descriptions. I cannot start a daily here, for there is no day—tra-la-la—di-did de. Ho there—is anyone around? Ha, ha—ha, ha ; where the devil is the devil?”

Just then Scribble was startled by the appearance of a figure emerging from behind a huge black rock, and scarcely had he noticed it when another peeped around to catch a glimpse of him.

These two men eyed him for a minute suspiciously, and then, apparently satisfied with their observation, came toward him.

To his unutterable surprise and astonishment, he recognized a prominent parson and a prosperous deacon whom he had known on earth.

“Why, deacon,” cried Scribble, as he advanced with extended hand to greet him, “what brings you here?”

“Wrecking railroads,” replied the deacon, with a sickly smile.

The parson did not even attempt to smile, but was extremely crestfallen, and after looking very nervously around him, as if he expected some one to pounce upon him from be-

hind the rocks, he came towards Scribble muttering :

“Why am I supplemented by this disfigured and damned corporation of juiceless ducts—this substitute for flesh—this shriveled collateral for nerves and capillaries? Can I ever unclue the kink in my face—a soft, putty face—a lank, saffron face, in litigation with my liver?” And then, striking a rather dramatic attitude, he exclaimed with a generous amount of feeling :

“Oh ! could I but move these ebon rocks
To inurn me like a toad,
Within these basaltic blocks,
I'd make Oblivion my abode.”

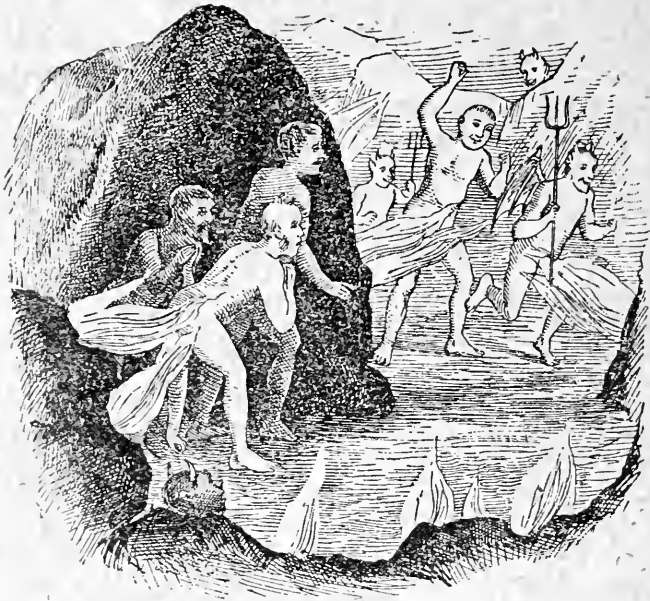
Here Scribble-Scrub slapped the dominie on the back and said to him, “Cheer up, old fellow. All's well that ends well.”

“Will it end well?” queried the parson, or
Must I with imps with fiery breath, in spasms,
Dance headlong, pell mell down the lurid chasms?
“Must I?” he asked, as he recovered and looked at the two men.

CHAPTER V.

ANTICS OF A MURDERER.

“To cover,” cried Scribble-Scrub, as with sudden energy, he sprang behind a huge rock, followed by his two companions.



A murderous looking individual here came upon the scene, swaggering as he walked and talking thus to himself :

“Thank Hell that I am not alone. This murky institution taxes earth’s unsparing contribution. Every day a cargo is landed, and I did hear say that very soon new hinges would be needed on hell’s well used door. I was a murderer on earth, and will ply my vocation here. So I told Baron Fate and Countess Infanticide. Come, you clown, let me cut you up.”

This last sentence was shouted at and addressed to another villainous looking figure that was limping along not far away, who replied :

"Now, my murderous friend, tame your little falchion. Tame it, I say!" he roared, as the murderer approached him.

"Yes," replied the murderer as he rushed up to the other; "there, let me hack you so!" and then savagely struck the figure as it ran away.

In a few minutes he repeated the same exercise upon another figure, striking it with an axe, crying out as it ran away, "I'll amputate you. Oh, this is salubrious, and then singing in a cracked voice,

"I'll flout the first devil I meet, tra, la,
I'll flout the first devil I meet."

Just then about twenty demons with tridents and fire-brands came along, and the murderer at once attacked them; but in a few minutes he was surrounded, and shouted, "Hold, unskewer me."

But they pressed him harder until he cried out in terror:

"Away, blinking flame;
Too soon I thought that hell was tame.
Oh, oh, my open sores
Are flues, in which your little furnace roars.
Don't urge such cogency, don't, please."

Here one of the demons replied:

"But what a whim to hear him cry,
Hell not for I."

The murderer looked searchingly around into the faces of the twenty demons, and see-

ing obduracy written upon their hard visages,
gasped out:

“Now, God help me, for if He don’t
I’ve a presentiment that the devil won’t.”

Twenty voices here replied in unison deep
and loud:

“As our forks are in you bent
We have that presentiment;

“Now down to the vitriol lake,” and very
soon a demon stuck a trident into his back
and carried him over his shoulder and pitched
him into a precipice not fifty yards away, and
as he fell he heard the imps, in chorus, chant
his own impromptu ditty,

“I’ll flout the first devil I meet, tra la,
I’ll flout the first devil I meet.”

CHAPTER VI.

DEMONS CAPTURE THE PARSON.

Scribble-Scrub and the deacon were just
then having an interesting conversation upon
the chances of ever getting out of Hades, when
the parson thoughtlessly said, a little too loud:

“If God don’t guard this heated pit,
There’s hope for them with sharpened wit.
If we escape ’tis certain God don’t mind us,
And if we don’t, the devil’s sure to find us.”

“Dead sure!” cried a chorus of voices again,
in deep-toned unison, and the twenty demons
surrounded the three men.

“ O Lord,” cried the parson, as he sank fainting into the arms of one of the demons, and then in a light-headed way cried, “ Let us sing to the praise and glory ”——

“ It’s the parson,” cried all the voices, this time in confusion.

Now, when any important personage came to Hell, Satan was always glad to see them, and hearing of such an unusual thing as the arrival of a parson, had offered to make a lord out of any common devil that might first bring to him that individual, hence the confusion.

In an instant they were all struggling and fighting over and on the parson.

“ Never did avalanche of sin so assail the poor dominie !” cried Scribble, as he and the deacon ran away in the greatest perturbation.

The struggle for the possession of this important prisoner was now of short duration ; for it was a desperate exhibition of a rough and tumble battle.

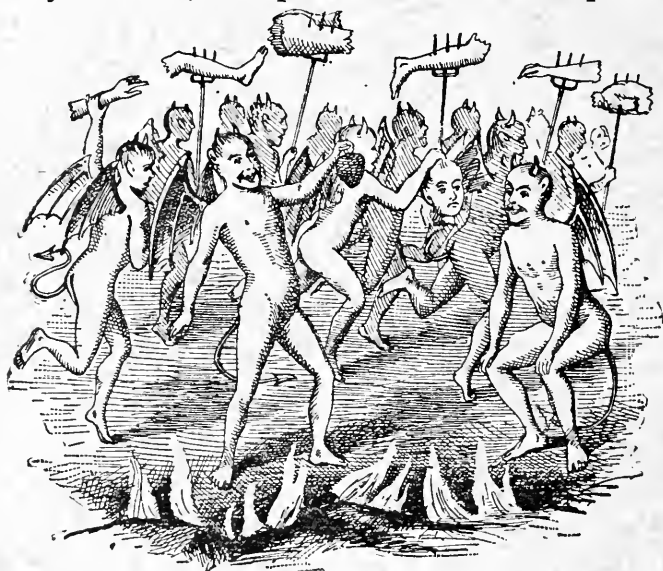
“ You’re my prize, dominie !” cried one imp, as he tugged at an arm.

“ Back, imps !” shouted another demon, as he shot a ball of green fire out of his mouth, into another demon’s eye ; “ back, I say. I claim this nugget. I’ll pre-empt this ;” and he caught hold of the other arm and held on until a yellow ball of fire from a most furious demon knocked him twenty feet away.

“ Plague on it !” yelled another, whose hold

had been disengaged by a blue blazing rock that had struck him between the eyes, but who had returned and caught hold of a leg of the parson—"plague on it! Lose this chance to become a lord? Never! Never!"

In the succeeding scuffle, which became very violent, the parson was torn to pieces,



and one demon ran off with a leg, another with an arm, and another with the head, until all had departed except two demons, one of whom picked up the parson's heart that had dropped in the struggle.

"How full 'tis stuffed!" cried he.

"Stuffed! What's stuffed?" replied the other.

"Mummy," said the first one again; "don't you see his heart? Look! This is where the misused valve was, which opened and shut and

let his thick blood in hot streams wash desires into his brain to damn him."

"How chocked it is!"

"What's chocked?"

"The valve. See it, as I hold it this way. Now do you see it?"

"Yes, yes; how full it is. What gorges it so?"

"See! regrets are its chief contents; and here is smothered tranquility, and here a little patch of rectitude—misshapen—crushed; even veins cast around like nets are swollen, double laden with regrets. Come, let's to Satan."

CHAPTER VII.

NOBLEMEN CREATED IN HELL.

"Your Majesty," cried a demon as he entered breathlessly into Satan's presence and laid down a burden, "I have lowered that that should elevate me. The parson's head, sire."

Scarcely had he spoken when another demon ran in and threw down an arm; then said, as he pointed to it: "Hail, monarch! there it fits—my promotion should come with that reverend limb."

Then another ran in with a leg and side, and still another came and ranged the parts together, so that Satan asked:

"Is that the parson?"

The demons had all formed a circle around

the dismembered body, and at Satan's question every one turned a double somersault, and shouted in unison: "It is he! It is he!"

"You have mauled him out of shape," returned the King of Hell. "Now raise him up, and, my boys—good boys all—embrocate him."

Immediately twenty hands propped him up, and Satan intoned the following incantation:

"Torn parts, amend,
Together blend
And make you whole.
Now, enter soul,
Mind, fertilize,
Now open eyes.
Steady—steady!
Now 'tis ready."

They all waited for a moment; then Satan, apparently a little worried, continued: "It doesn't vivify—what ails it? Good boys all, what ails it?"

A demon here shouted out at the top of his voice, which was up to C: "He's lost his pluck, sire."

Just then comes one running in, crying in a basso profundo voice, "By this tiller of his soul, am I late? Is he all joined up? This is his pluck." And the demon threw down the heart.

"Open a cavity," roared Satan in a rage, "and fill up his void."

This being done, and the parts put in place, Satan repeated the incantation, and the parson opened his eyes.

Satan smiled. So did all the little devils.

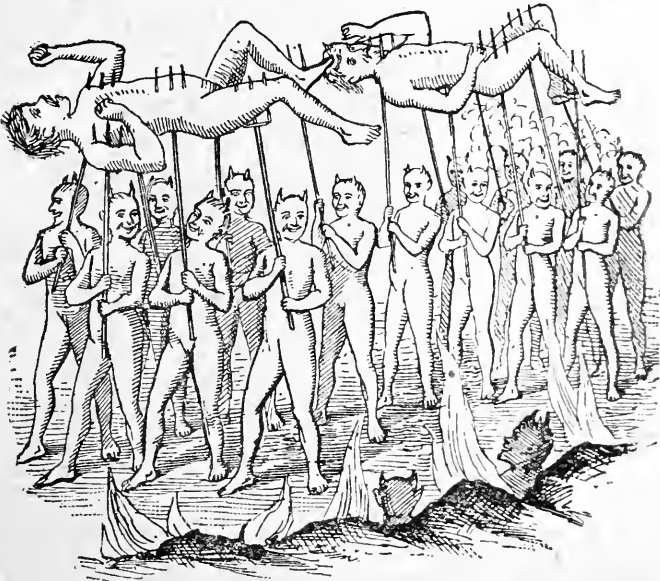
“Where have I been?” asked the parson.

“To pieces,” returned a chorus of voices, and everyone turned a somersault.

“And not well mended—by my feelings,” answered the parson, looking very frightened at Satan, and then added: “Ah, yes; now I remember where I am.”

Just then Scribble Scrub and the deacon were brought into the presence of the King in the following manner:

About fifty demons were marching in perfect order, their pitchforks pointing in the air, and Scribble-Scrub and the deacon being full length upon their backs with the prongs sticking through them.



"Halt!" commanded Satan, and the course stopped.

"Deliver!" thundered the King, and the two men were pitched down in front of him, and held in position by the tridents.

"Draw!" shouted Satan, and every prong was instantly pulled out of the two men.

"Thankee, sir," cried Scribble-Scrub, and rising, he politely bowed to Satan, and added, "I am very much obliged for your interference. Sir, the *Hooroarer* never forgets a kindness like this; more than ever shall it aid your Majesty."

The three prisoners now whispered together for a few moments, and then the reporter advanced to Satan and said:

"May it please your Majesty, as our hearts are bent on seeing you in state and parliament, grant us this request."

Satan at once bowed his acquiescence, and then added, "Since our realm is so much indebted to your craft—for I swear many a poor soul has been damned through suicide caused by newspaper misrepresentation—many a murder committed, and whole seas of bad blood engendered by the same means—therefore touch my royal sceptre. (Scribble here touched it) You are in favor, sir, *The Hooroarer* is in favor, sir, and every lying newspaper is in favor, sir; and so is old Doughface (Satan pointed to the parson), and so is the deacon—beloved in fact—because he watered stocks and

cornered wheat and prayed at meeting." "Ah! ah!—ah! ah!" shouted the chorus of demons, and all revolved again in their peculiar way, and then Satan, knocking several down, for he was in high spirits, said to those who had brought in the parson:

"Now imps, before me knell; rise one degree,
And take your place with hell's nobility."

CHAPTER VIII.

REVIVAL SERVICES.

The three men, now having permission to go where they pleased without fear of molestation, sauntered toward Pandemonium Hall, but having several hours to spare before Parliament sat, the parson, who was a Methodist, proposed that they start revival services.

Scribble slapped his hand upon his knee, and shouted, "Capital! Splendid! Now I'll have something worth telling. This shall boom *The Hoorarer*;" but the deacon, who was a Baptist, looked dubious, and shaking his head, contended that it was inconsistent and out of place.

But in spite of this protest, in a very little while a revival meeting was in full blast, for the parson prided himself that he was a Methodist to the back-bone, and had already picked out a site for a church, for he said

only Methodism can change hell into heaven, and then had coaxed or pulled about two hundred up to the penitent form, and having told his hearers that he had a mortgage upon God that no other individual possessed, and had cornered the stock of all the railroads running to heaven, and had got the directors at his mercy, so that only he could issue free passes, and that it was an easy thing to become converted if they did as he said, begged them to yield to his persuasions, at the same time promising all kinds of impossibilities, and that they should ever drink when they were dry good cold croton ice water—only believe it. “Brethren,” he shouted, “only believe it, and if you don’t, Satan will order the stokers on double shifts.”

Having thus terrified them as well as bamboozled them into believing, he then made a public announcement that every man Jack of them (meaning all of the two hundred) had been converted.

Another one, being terrified at the prospect of the stokers going on double time, being asked if he believed, answered: “Yes, what is it?”

“That’s it!” cried the parson, “here’s another—two hundred and one;” and then, being fearful lest the deacon might get up a meeting on account of the Baptists, and so head him off, he hurriedly shouted: “Let’s make it three hundred.”

The deacon ventured to suggest that not one was truly converted, but the parson replied, that anyhow they were converted to Methodism in general and to him in particular, and that was the principal thing, and then added, "Let us sing three stanzas of 430."

The deacon, burning with envy, now sent a secret messenger to Satan to come and put an end to such inconsistency in Hell. "Come, your Majesty," he wrote, "for if you don't, this man will soon be holding regular quarterly conferences."

When Satan heard of the proceedings he was in such a rage that he tumbled, and rolled, and bounced all the way till he rushed into the meeting.

"Hold!" he shouted.

Satan's words are here reported verbatim, for as reporters alway reproduce everything exactly, Scribble was no exception to this unalterable rule.

All was silence except among the converts, and they were all making a great noise.

"What's that noise?" asked Satan, putting on his helmet with the two great horns in it.

"It's the converts quarreling, sir," volunteered the deacon, rubbing his hands.

Satan's face lit up at once, and he replied with a genial smile:

"Go on with your meeting. There's nothing inconsistent here."

CHAPTER IX.

PANDEMONIUM—LORD ALCOHOL'S SPEECH.

Pandemonium Hall was an immense amphitheatre, crowded with devils. The parson and deacon, with Scribbles, were there near Satan, who was sitting on his throne.

After a little while Satan rose and thus addressed the hosts :

“ My lords and denizens of the bottomless pit, I convene you to-night, to urge the final settlement of a stupendous question. Lords Alcohol and Gormandize have quarreled ; each calls himself the greater ; they will here each discuss their separate claims to greatness, and you, by vote, will be called upon to decide which is the greatest. Now, noble coadjutors, before we all proceed to the business—I say,

“ Before warm business is brought on,
Let's warmer get and sing our fiery battle song.”

The deacon whispered to Scribbles that he never felt less like shivering in all his days, and wondered how much hotter Satan wanted it.

“ Sing ! ” shouted Satan, and all Pandemonium burst forth in the following lines :

“ Lift up the royal banner
Of black ill-will and hate ;
Tongues, raise a lusty clamor ;
Lungs, draw a wide inflate,
And shout at inspiration's busy word,
‘ Iniquity

And we will ever meet,
 Like earthlings, our defeat,
 And cry louder the greater the defeat,
 O victory!

Proud is our noble King
 Of earth, which is his Queen;
 For this dainty prize we'll gorge and load with
 Infamy.

May greed and pestilence
 Defeat proud abstinence,
 And war and grim death be ever crowned with
 Victory.

Our forces then shall go
 And drag all earth below,
 And unveil the workings of our lurking
 Destiny.

So Hell, by Heaven defeated,
 By Hell shall Heaven be greeted
 By cries of woe on earth Hell's loud shrieking
 Victory."

At the end of the screechings the parson wiped his face and cried in the deacon's ear: "This is an infernal Bedlam, and my liquescence is on the simmer now; how much hotter is it going to get?"

Satan now introduced without any ceremony the Lord Alcohol, telling the waiting and expectant audience that he would then and there state his case.

As Satan finished the introduction, there was much applause, and it was evident that my Lord Alcohol had many warm friends in the audience. Thus he began:

"Denizens of Hell, I will not wanton on oratorical magniloquence. Facts pillowed by

proofs and rough as rocks I'll hurl forth and prove my right to hold supremacy. I, sirs, like the turbid race of an angry flood, have hurled devastation upon earth—have submerged her deep in an ocean sprung from Hell. Drink!—men sip, dip, bathe and drown in it. Like an octopus I seize, and down they come. *Facilis est descensus averni.* Yes, they topple easy.”

Here there was great commotion among the audience, and Satan informed Alcohol that Hell's inhabitants were irascibly explosive, and objected to the dead languages, after which the tumult ceased and Alcohol continued :

“Fellow denizens, I, Alcohol, am an imperial blister—a cataplasm for man's busy brain, to draw his fine reason into his toes—pervert this delicate machine called man—man who, like the coprophagous, feeds on filth and imbibes that which destroys health ; yes, sirs, my aids are imbruters—wines, brandies, whiskies, gin. These death scythes, forged in heated corruption, are fitting implements for man's destruction.”

At this juncture the friends of Gormandize began to hiss, and so Alcohol, after waiting a moment, proceeded :

“Lords and devils, they who would blunt my points have intellects impassioned out of joint. Let me ask, who fills earth's gray jails with criminals—who? Who corrodes and clogs

that fine machine, man? Who besmears his journals and joints to make him hasten, like an unratcheted clock, to a quick end of usefulness—who? I.”

And Alcohol stood up proudly, and beat his chest, then continued in tragic accents :

“ I charter the lips to carry foul words ;
 I churn human kindness’s milk to curds ;
 Burden earth with taxes, break kind hearts,
 Transfix communities with my darts ;
 Unseat minds, enmix family blots,
 Inculcate madness, impress idiots,
 Leave trace of my damning, on occasion,
 From generation to generation.”

Scrubble-Scrub here intimated to the deacon that it was getting much warmer, and the deacon replied that he needed no reminder, while the parson also declared that he wanted no starched cravats to wilt with him. At the same moment Alcohol burst forth with increased eloquence :

“ Hear me, O Hell. My vast actions are so insidious, and so deftly do I set my sliding snare that it is as a bridge that passes underneath man’s steps ; he need not walk, but simply lend his feet, and I’ll place them on what feels like solid rock, but the next step is treacherous as the quicksand’s hidden mouth, and the next he steps into a chasm—mouth of Hell. Oh, sweet white temptings gliding into black ; so subtly can I change from white that men are dark before they know ’tis night. (Much cheering). I end salubrity with miasm, suckle men on bosoms of raging streams, and

paint whirlpools, rapids, and cataracts as pictures of placidity. (Cheers.) How can I liken my power—as a wedge starting from a razor edge and ending in a mountain hilt? or is it like a tempest launched on earth, belched forth by the artillery of Hell?

“Or like a sly and stealthy catamount?
 Or like a brook envenomed at the fount?
 Or like a lion sinewed for the fray?
 Or like a tiger gliding on its prey?
 Or like the vulture darkening the sky?
 Or like the wolf amidst the lambs I lie?
 Or like an arrow glancing thro’ the air?
 Or like a serpent coiled in its lair?
 Or like hilarious life without a cloud?
 Or like skeleton death holding the shroud?
 These likes are echoing, thundering mutes,
 Forms, shapes, prototypes, are my attributes.

“All pressed in my embroilic government
 Sirs, am not I the greatest? (Loud cries of
 yes, yes, and cheers.) Can Gormandize heap
 up such claims as these? Towers his preten-
 tions with over-feeding over ours with over-
 drinking? Here I finish at the climacteric.”

Amidst great and prolonged applause Lord
 Alcohol now sat down.

CHAPTER X.

GORMANDIZE AND THE GENTLEMEN OF HELL.

When the applause had ceased Satan introduced Lord Gormandize, who was also very flatteringly received with applause, which,

being ended, he abruptly addressed them :

“ Hell-hounds !”

It was fully ten minutes before order could be restored, so exasperated were the crowd, and then a demon, whose name was *Delirium Tremens*, called out that the speaker owed Hell an apology.

Satan hereupon nodded to Gormandize, who again bowed and said :

“ Gentlemen of Hell.”

“ Ah ! ah ! ah !” shouted a hundred thousand voices, and there was a great and satisfactory rubbing of hands all over the immense audience room.

Scribble whispered into the deacon’s ear and said :

“ What says the mercury, my boy ?”

The deacon took a thermometer out of his pocket, and scanning it, replied : “ Two hundred and twenty—and rising.”

The parson, who was complaining of piquant pains, here expressed a wish that he had been born a walrus, and longed to be at that moment swimming between icebergs.

“ Gentlemen of Hell,” reiterated Lord Gormandize, and it could be noticed that a rather sinister expression overspread his countenance as he said it ; but he soon braced himself and continued :

“ Alcohol has lain with polemics, but has not produced conclusive logic ; and I would scorn to be guilty of *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, for :

“Golden words he had none,
 And silver words went to bed;
 His brass words longed for the sun,
 And his copper were dull as lead,
 But his handsomest words were the words unsaid.

“Which, as he did not use, are mine to handle (jeers and laughter.) I will not play the infretting reamer, to pierce, gnaw and nibble his argument, (cries of oh ! oh !) nor under-rate the impact of his dispute, nor impeach the loyalty of his aids, those spirits which are not divine; for if my point of argument be narrow the cumulation shall be wide. Listen, O Hell. I, Gormandize, work wreck and ruin on man’s liver, (cries of How? How?) derange man’s spleen and milt, and put his long stomach on the rack, corrode and *bile* the liver, obfuscate the kidneys, and grow pliant mysteries to kill man’s senses. (Jeers, and cries of How? How?) Patience, gentlemen. (Loud laughter.) Napoleon never reached the moon because he climed too high—too soon. (Cries of Oh ! oh !) Listen; when more food is taken than the organs can digest, then more, then the lawful excrement goes to the liver. It in its turn, augered at the burden to be borne, shoves out the foul intruder into the blood, and thus poisons the life; for each drop of blood is soon in organized rebellion. (Cheers.) Thus inveigled by palatable lubrications, man’s brow soon scowls at fancied injuries, for each drop of thus charged blood holds scores of leaping animalcules, who prick and probe and fret the nerves,

sow germs in hypochondriac soil, and grow morbid emotions. I, Gormandize, induce gangrenous complaints. Ulcers, sores, and pustules come as the bubblings of an inward foam. I impose dementia, brain indurations, hemicrany and lesser shades of imbecility ; the idiot's presbyotic eye lies as yet unborn, dormant in the glutton's loins. (Cheers and cries of Ah! ah!) Cholera, malice and mad inclinations are often bred by liver's inflammations ; revolting murders done by unsecreted bile. (Vociferous cheering.) Torpid liver brings family divisions, melancholia and suicide ; for, gentlemen, (laughter,)

“ The abuse of food has ten thousand ills ;
 For he who eats too much his senses kills.
 Hell is enriched by this exhaustless wealth ;
 Men curse and swear most when they're poor in health.

“ What says Alcohol to this ? ”

Amidst great cheers and uproar, Gormandize now sat down.

CHAPTER XI.

A STORM ARISING.

Satan here came forward, and turning to the two orators, said : “ I thank you both for exhibiting what so few orators in this present day possess—brevity.”

“ The Duke of Delirium Tremens has the

floor"—and Satan bowed to that horrible devil as he came forward. We do not wish to frighten our readers with a description of this fellow. You who have imaginative capacities may do a little exercise in this direction if you wish. He was the strangest speaker Scribble ever recorded anything of, either on earth or in Hell. He spoke just four lines. The first line he jerked out with great rapidity; the second line he seemed to be fully five minutes dragging through, and the last two lines he shrieked out while he stood on his head:

“ Weigh out the sorrows,
Measure the horrors,
Our invasion
Is black damnation.”

Then springing to his feet, he shouted: “ I claim judgment for my Lord Alcohol. He leads in peopling Hell.” (Great commotion and cheers.)

Viscount Dyspepsia here took the floor, and asking the audience to listen to him, said:

“ Hollow cheek and sunken eye,
Misery and causeless sigh,
Palid face and belching throe,
We are mortal's greatest foe.
Over-eating our invasion,
Blacker than the black damnation.

“ I claim for my Lord Gormandize.” (Tremendous disorder.)

Duke Delirium Tremens now asked for a division of the house to settle the question, and Satan, jumping up, cried in a thundering voice, which was heard above the din:

“Ready for the question, O Pandemonium?”

The immense and turbulent audience at once clamored for a division, and a vote was taken, but it was found impossible to determine which side had it, so great was the confusion.

Scribble-Scrub wiped his face as best he could, and said to the deacon :

“I’ll tell you what it is, deacon, there’s too much genius here. It’s going to end in a riot ; mark it, my boy. Riot and genius go together now-a-days.”

The parson also turned to the deacon and said, as he tried to fan himself :

“I pray this tumult may soon cease, deacon.”
But the deacon was mad and retorted :

“I hope sincerely that it’s the last useless prayer you’ll ever make dominie. How’s the thermometer, Scribble? What ! writing for the *Hooroarer* !”

“Its three hundred and seventy, and rising fast. The *Hooroarer*—yes,” returned Scribble, doing my duty in this scorching, blistering furnace, and when I get back and send the circulation up to half a million, you’ll see a long article written on the energy and enterprise of the owners of the *Hooroarer*, while poor I will be kicked out of the business.”

The deacon here pushed a demon away from him, and cried as he did so : “Give me breathing room, will you? Don’t dowell your arms into my body ; this is concentrated summer

with a vengeance. Scribble, how now—what says the mercury?”

“Four hundred and fifty,” returned the reporter, as he panted and puffed and scribbled on.

The demon whom the deacon had pushed now shot him with a ball of blue-blazing brimstone, which enveloped him in flame and caused some confusion among the other demons, who put the flames out and flung the deacon against the other fellow; and there is no telling when this rumpus might have ended had not Satan again, in no uncertain tones, called the meeting to order.

CHAPTER XII.

DESPERATE.

“Oh, for the luxury of frost-bitten ears,” cried the parson; “delirium must be dancing with the thermometer. What says it now, Scribble?”

“’Tis done to death, dominie; it can’t go any higher—five hundred and over.”

“Here’s a pyrometer,” interrupted the deacon; “it says seven hundred and fifty; there must be wind at the back of this forge; look over yonder; ’tis heated to transparency.”

Just at that moment Satan gained their attention long enough to inform the assembly

that the two contestants must settle their controversy in a regular pitched battle.

This announcement was followed by the wildest excitement, and shrill shrieks of approval from thousands of throats added to the confusion.

"'Tis twelve hundred now. and getting quite uncomfortable," cried Scribble. "The pyrometer is tearing mad—rising—rising."

The deacon turned to the parson and gasped out:

"How do you feel, dominie? Just look at the pyrometer—fourteen hundred now."

"D—the pyrometer!" desperately returned the parson. "I want no sliding gauge to impart knowledge to my feelings. I want no conveyancer. I know enough. I say I feel enough. D—the pyrometer and the heat and the fighters. Brimstone! Pitch and pitchfork! Let me out of this.

"Cursed be the hour when we
Had to wait on deviltry."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN IGNOBLE CONFLICT.

In a little while Alcohol and Gormandize were in close and deadly conflict, and fought as only mettlesome warriors can fight, lending and paying back Titanic blows—such din, and rush, and charge, and crash, and rattle, with yells and violent curses—each combatant's

face lit by the lurid glow, and showing either a sardonic grin or scowl, and circling around and around like earthly pugilists looking for an opening whereby an advantage might be taken.

Not long thus did they act, for, enraged beyond patience, they each charged upon the other, and were soon rolling and raving at one another upon the floor, and then all Pandemonium grew so excited that it looked every minute as if a general free fight would be engaged in. Satan, furious, commanded, in roaring tones, the pressing crowd to stand back, but the excitement grew and became more intense every moment.

The parson endeavored to deaden the din of the expoding petards by poking his fingers in his ears; the deacon tried to eject the sulphurous flumes from his lungs by volently coughing; Scribble-Scrub dodged the forked flames that were darting between them; but with it all they could not escape this real phantasmagoria, this diversiformed, confused extravaganza.

“Lend a hand, dominie.”

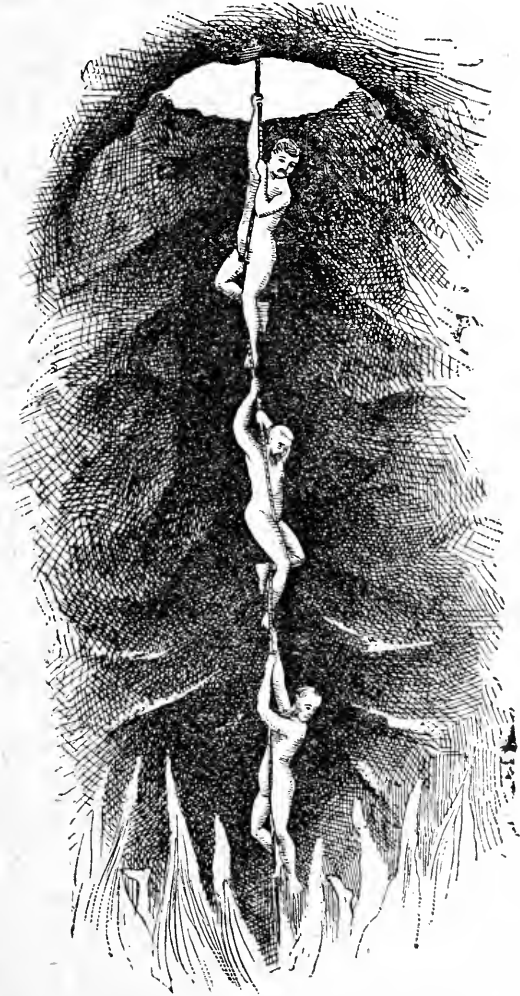
Scribble Scrub’s quick eye had perceived an opening in the roof, and just a bare possibility of an escape from the infernal regions drawn upon him. “Lend me a hand, deacon.”

“What now, old boy? Jupiter, the devil is going to pull the bottom out of Pandemonium — lend a hand—which way?”

"Follow me, you two, up this pillar."

"What?" asked the parson incredulously.

"There's a good rope called disenthralment hanging from that opening up there," returned the reporter.



In five minutes the three men were climbing hand over fist up the rope. Just then there

came a tremendous crash, and looking down, they saw the bottom of the immense hell-fire parliament fall out, and below them nothing remained but a bottomless pit.

The three worthies struggled to the top, and crawling out, sat upon a ledge, and Scribble, as reporter for the N. Y. *Hooroarer*, wrote down this inscription, which was cut in a rock :

“Through this opening the hundred headed monster Typhaeus was thrown down by Ageus; you are in the crater of a volcano; go a little higher and your dismissal from hell you may take.”

There was no hypocrisy in the thankfulness that welled up in the hearts of these three men, as, taking courage, they climbed toward the sunshine and the glorious day.

CHAPTER XIV.

A RETURN JOURNEY.

SCENE—A GRAVEYARD. [Enter the three spirits of SCRIBBLE-SCRUB, the DEACON and PARSON].

“Here is the spot,” cried Scribble-Scrub, “where my old body lies. What rank grass grows over it. In that tall daisy, perhaps, there’s a piece of my arm.”

All three sighed and remained meditating, while a fourth spirit came upon the scene.

“Sweet spirit,” cried the deacon, with emotion, “would Charon give our bodies passage back again to earth?”

The spirit answered :

“Thy body is lent
To the trees and shrubs,
To the worms and grubs.”

“But some would like to see my face,” pleaded the parson.

The spirit answered :

“Thy wife loves another,
So would it be fair
To return back there?”

“Spirit, spirit, spirit,” yelled Scribble-Scrub. The spirit started and shook like an aspen leaf.

“I am, mark you—mark you, spirit—not to be trifled with,” returned Scribble-Scrub fiercely. “I am a reporter for the N. Y. *Hoo-roarer*, and must—must, mind you—return to earth; do you hear, young fellow?”

The spirit stood amazed, and in a wondering way answered, “Did you ever?”

Scribble followed up his advantage as only a New York reporter can, and shook the very life out of or into the thoroughly frightened and subdued spirit. “Come,” cried he, “I must go; bring the ingredients.”

The spirit disappeared and returned with some phosphorous; then again with silicon, and again with lime and carbon, and all that was necessary was at once furnished by con-

densing gases, and lo! a body was formed, and Scribble, bidding his two companions good-bye, stepped into his body, as you might step into a carriage, and walked away.

The parson and deacon were never heard of again.

CHAPTER XV.

AN INCREASE OF PATRONAGE.

“The New York *Hooroarer* is doomed.”

Thus spoke the editor to his assistant, both having come together to compare notes.

The Sub-Editor looked gloomily around, and thought of the consequences to the eight little ones that constituted his family.

“If the paper,” began the Sub-Editor, in trembling tones, “should fail, sir”—

“It must fail,” thundered the Editor; “one thing only can save it, and that”—here the Editor added in sepulchral tones—“and that is the return of Scribble-Scrub.”

Just then the telephone bell rang and the Sub-Editor answered it.

“Hello there.”

For a few minutes the contortions upon the Sub-Editor’s face were awful. He could not speak, but appeared to be dumfounded.

The Editor looked at him and roared out, “What’s the matter with you, any how?”

"Hello," shouted the Sub-Editor back through the telephone ; then suddenly facing his chief, he said, excitedly : " It's Scribble-Scrub talking, and he say's he's just come from Hell."

The Editor jumped up, and knocking the other down, seized the telephone and screamed : " What—hallo—who are you?"

The answer was satisfactory, for the Editor laughed a mooney laugh, and again shouted : " Come on at once ; if no other way, ring up a fire in City Hall district, and hang on like mad to the fire engine—see?—yes—hurry—good bye."

The Editor slammed the telephone down, and stood on his head ; went to the closet, and taking out a bottle of wine, knocked a hole in the bottom and poured it out from that end ; kicked his assistant, and told him to drink and never be dry again ; told him to go and order a new press capable of turning off one hundred thousand copies in twenty minutes, advertise for compositors, for paper, printer's ink, devils, and type. Hooroar for the *Hooroarer!*

He continued in this manner for some time, when an ambulance bell was heard, and looking out of the window, he saw the ambulance tearing at break-neck speed toward the office of the *Hooroarer*, and Scribble-Scrub sprang out of it as it rushed by, and ran up stairs and into the office of the *Hooroarer*.

They embraced all around.

“Saved!” cried the Editor with his heart full.

“Ah, yes, I am,” replied Scribble-Scrub.

“I meant the *Hooroarer*,” returned the Editor.

And so it was, for the circulation went at once to over half a million, and all their fortunes were made.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XVI.

FINALLY DEAR BRETHREN.

“Can you help him, Doctor?” asked an anxious looking man, of a gentleman who was bending over a prostrate form and administering restoratives.

“Yes,” replied the doctor; “he’s returning to consciousness; now look at him—how much did he eat?”

“The wager was,” replied the other, “that he should eat and drink before the Reporter’s Club, one pound of beefsteak, two spring chickens, one quart of ox-tail soup, one plate of weakfish, fifty raw oysters, one pint of claret, one pumpkin pie fourteen inches across, six pairs of frog’s legs, one stew and one fry, three cup custards and a pint of coffee.”

“I won’t leave him yet, then,” quietly spoke the doctor, “that is, provided he ate so much.”

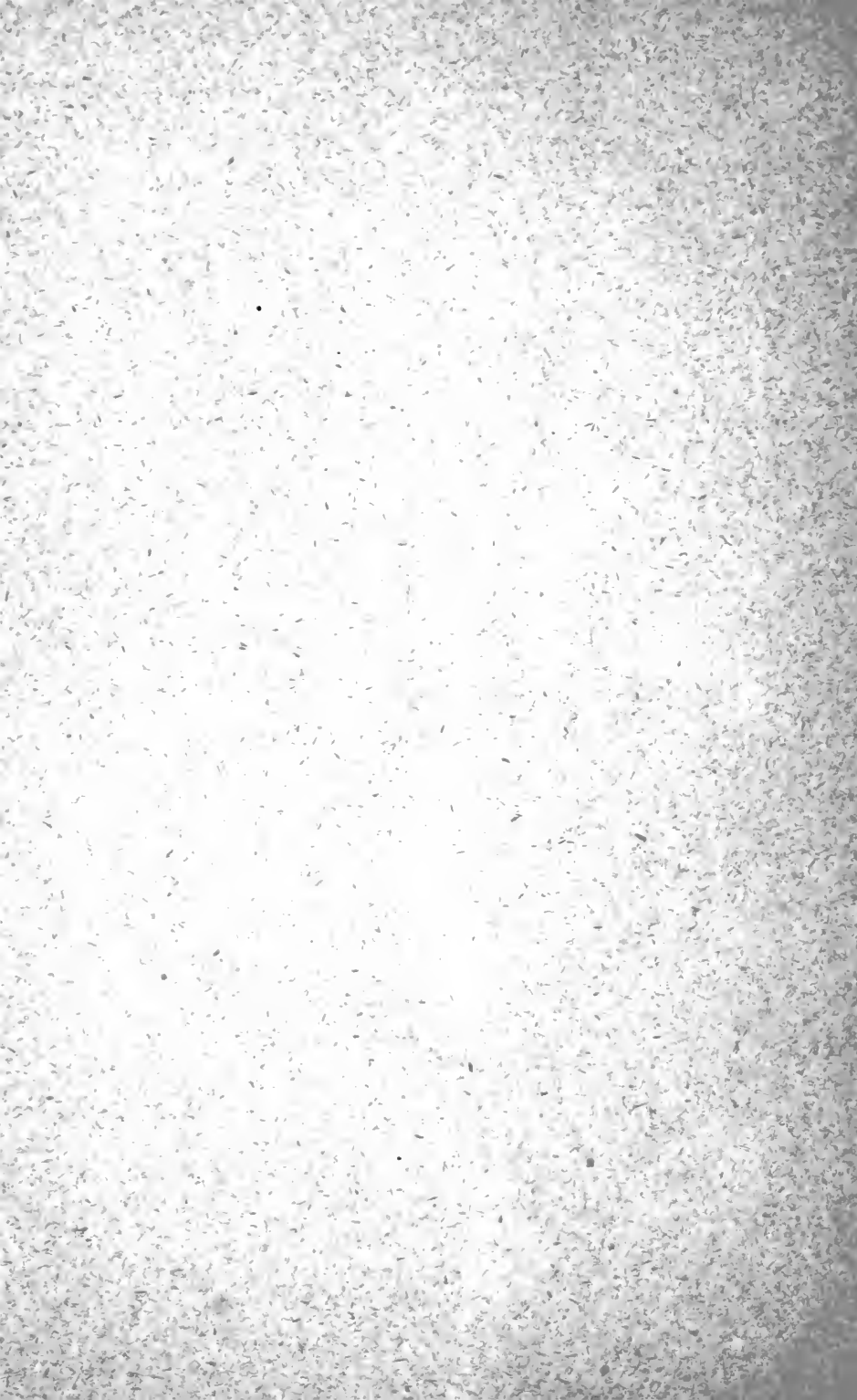
“Oh, yes, he won the wager,” returned the

other ; “ ate everything up clean and polished the plates.”

The man finally recovered, but while in that period of unconsciousness he dreamed the foregoing story, and it was while his lips were yet bloodless with a convalescent struggle that they narrated this painful dream to the author, who is extremely sorry that its faithful rendition in a former edition has made so many of his acquaintances' blood to curdle, and who now desires to offer a thousand apologies for having unintentionally shattered the nerves of his fellow townsmen ; and as the former edition was signed *Vindex*—whose terribly mysterious significance had much to do (without doubt) with the appalling reception this little book obtained. Perhaps now we may obviate this difficulty by affixing the following.

Yours truly,

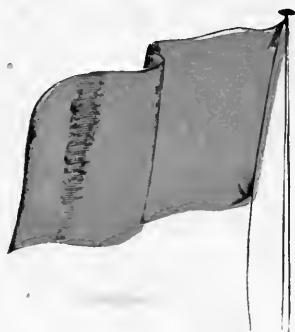
CHAS. EDWARDS:





Will soon be issued :

The Rejected Symbol



(Copyrighted.)

BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men."—BIBLE.

The principle that all men were brothers needed an emblem. Strange that an emblem of such a principle should have been born when men were least like brothers; strange that this trophy of a magnificent evangel, whose incarnadined hue typified the resemblance and corresponding similarity of the fluid that flowed in all human veins, should, when first flung to the breeze, displace ardor and enthusiasm for demoniac madness, and bring shame and ignominy upon an emblem in itself transcendantly beautiful, and which must yet, despite the stigma of its associations, become the flag of the world.—*Chapter X.*